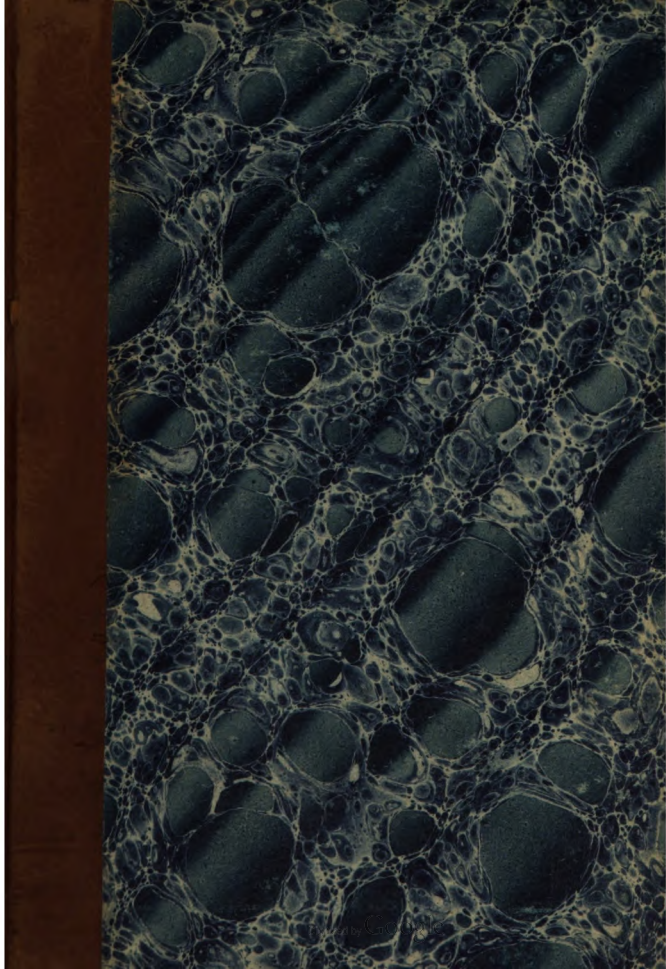

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HYMNS

FOR

ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS.



BY

THE REV. J. S. TUTE.

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1847.

ADVENT.



I.

Creator Alme Siderum.

CREATOR of the circling stars,
Light of Thy faithful saints,
JESUS, REDEEMER, hear our prayers,
And pity our complaints.

Who, lest the mighty foe should win
Dominion o'er the earth,
The languid world's sweet Medicine
Became by Thy blest Birth.

Who, to the Cross and hard cold Tomb,
To expiate our shame,
Forth from the Virgin's hallowed womb,
A spotless VICTIM came.

Thy awful Name, and glorious Power,
 When heaven and hell first hear,
 On bended knees they both adore
 With gladness, or with fear.

Thee then, before Whose awful Face,
 The quick and dead shall stand,
 We pray defend us by Thy Grace
 From Satan's evil hand.

And now, to GOD, the FATHER, SON,
 And PARACLETE, we raise,
 While years their onward courses run,
 Our sacrifice of praise.

II.

Oh Sion! lift thy head, thy KING
 Rides on in triumph to thy gate;
 Lift up thy voice, Hosannas sing,
 He cometh on in low estate.

Oh! listen, as the shouts arise
 From that meek band of little ones;
 Until they pierce the gladdened skies,
 And happiness o'er all things runs.

Hosanna in the highest! they
 Repeat with glowing heart and voice;
 Who then can now refuse to say
 'In Sion's gentle KING rejoice?'

Oh! blessed SAVIOUR, give me grace
 To cast away the works of night,
 To run with eagerness my race,
 And with unflinching faith to fight.

That, when Thou shalt from heaven descend
 To judge the quick and dead, my song
 May with the hymns of angels blend,
 And of the meek redeemed throng.

III.

Eternal JUDGE of all,
 Attend unto our prayer,
 Reject not, LORD, our earnest call;
 Thy humble servants spare.
 Prepare us for that Day
 Of everlasting doom,
 When Thou wilt call Thy saints away
 Unto their heavenly Home.
 Lest we, before Thy throne,
 When all for judgment stand,
 Should shrink beneath Thy angry frown,
 Amid the ungodly band.
 But rather give us grace
 In holiness to grow,
 Thy blessed footsteps, LORD, to trace,
 And follow Thee below.
 That when the archangel's voice
 And trumpet wake the dead,
 Placed on Thy right we may rejoice
 In Thee, our risen Head.

That, as on earth with pain
 We fought in Thee our fight,
 So in Thee, by Thee we may gain
 The joy of endless Light.

Now to the FATHER praise,
 And to the Only SON,
 And to the HOLY GHOST always,
 Eternal Three in One.

IV.

The gloomy night is far advanced,
 The day now draweth nigh;
 Then, LORD, do Thou make haste to save,
 Oh! hear Thy servants' cry.
 And when the crimson streaks of morn
 Foretell the coming day,
 Arise, Oh Gracious LORD! and help
 Thine own elect, we pray.

And when the dreadful trumpet far
 Though Heaven and Earth shall sound,
 All rising from their open'd graves
 From death shall be unbound ;

Save us, we pray, in that dread time
 When all things pass away,
 When Heaven and Earth, renewed by Thee
 Shall never more decay.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Be honour, glory, praise,
 From men, and saints in Paradise,
 Blent with sweet Angels' lays.

THE NATIVITY.

When the Time by prophets spoken
 Of the promise made to them,
 By Him, whose word cannot be broken,
 "That at lowly Bethlehem,

“ Where the holy David dwelling,
 Once a lowly shepherd-boy,
 To the harp’s melodious swelling
 Chanted forth his Psalms of joy,

“ Should arise a Star of Glory,
 Shedding light on all around ;”
 (As we read in Sacred Story,)
 Had by GOD’S command come round ;

Then within that royal City,
 Came the prophet’s Daughter meek,
 Yet nowhere did any pity
 Her so gentle, her so weak.

In a cave, where cattle feeding,
 Lowed around the Mother mild,
 While the world passed by unheeding,
 She brought forth th’ Eternal CHILD.

Everlasting praise be given
 Unto Thee, EMMANUEL,
 Thou the eternal LORD of Heaven,
 Now art born with men to dwell ;

Angels lost in adoration,
 Seeing Heaven bowed to earth,
 Rapt in silent contemplation,
 Ponder o'er Thy wondrous Birth.

Yea, they shall for ever ponder,
 Lost in thought unspeakable,
 O'er the everlasting wonder,—
 GOD hath deigned with man to dwell.

II.

Blessed JESUS! Thou in love
 Dost descend from Heaven above,
 And art born of Virgin mild,
 A holy, sinless, perfect CHILD.

Thou the SON of GOD most high,
 Comest here for us to die;
 And, to cleanse Thine own from stain,
 Dost not the Virgin's womb disdain.

In a manger Thou art laid,
 By that pure and gentle Maid;
 SON of David! Israel's KING!
 Now Thou dost Salvation bring.

Thou, the Day-spring from on high,
 Risest, and the shadows fly:
 From the joyful East art Thou
 A KING, 'fore Whom all earth shall bow!

THE SHEPHERDS.

Where the humble shepherds waking,
 Kept their guard throughout the night;
 Suddenly the heavens breaking,
 Poured around them glorious light;

Then an Angel quick descended,
 Clothed in holy majesty,
 While the men with awe attended;
 And amazed at what they see,

Hear the angel's exhortation ;
 " Fear ye not, for Joy I bring,
 Tidings of the world's Salvation,
 Of the Birth of Israel's KING :

" In a manger lying lowly,
 In the City, where of old
 Royal David, pure and holy,
 Watched o'er his father's fold :

" Where the beasts around are stalled,
 Ye shall find the Newly-born,
 Him, who CHRIST the LORD is called,
 Bringer of a glorious morn."

Scarcely had the Angel ended
 These sweet words of comforting,
 When a heavenly host descended,
 And with joy their praises sing ;

" Unto GOD, who in the heaven
 Dwells, be everlasting praise ;
 Peace on earth to man be given,
 And good will through all his days."

When the men had heard the greeting,
 As the angels went away,
 Each began with bosom beating,
 To his neighbour thus to say ;

“ Let us seek the lowly dwelling,
 Where amid the lowing beasts,
 As we heard the angels telling,
 The SAVIOUR of the world now rests.

Jam Lucis Orto Sidere.

The morning star hath risen high,
 LORD, listen to our suppliant cry ;
 And keep us ever day by day,
 From such as seek our soul to slay.

Preserve in meekness, LORD, our tongue,
 Lest it should utter aught of wrong ;
 Restrain and guard our wandering sight,
 Lest aught of vanity delight.

Oh ! keep our inmost heart, too, pure,
That anger may not there endure ;
The fumes of pride be carried thence,
By the spare food of abstinence.

That when the day departing fades,
And night brings on her wonted shades ;
Free from the power of earth we may
Sing unto Thee this noble lay ;

All Glory to the FATHER be,
All Glory, Only SON, to Thee,
All Glory, Holy PARACLETE,
As now, so is it ever meet.

THANKS BE TO GOD.

